

SPEAK TO THEM THAT THEY GO FORWARD.

\$1 50 IN ADVANCE.

Furnish abstracts of title, make collections, and transact a general land and loan business.

We also have several fine brick and stone buildings that would be a credit to any town, among which are Yeung's hardware building, G. W. Bickford's drug store, Blaisell's block and the Phillips County Bank building.

In every material interest the county is rapidly advancing, and those of its citizen who benefit by the various resources that are found are rapidly increasing in their financial position, and getting comfortable home surroundings and especially is this the case where farming and stock raising are mingled. The 32 running streams of pure water that traverse the county in all directions with banks trimmed with trees, tell their own story of beauty and fertility, and render the country one of the most desirable localities for both farming and stock raising pursuits to be found anywhere, and the rapidly with which the county has been sprung up with

objected to him as the author of innumerable vetoes in the interest of great monopolies, and as a man who had, as I believed, proved himself an enemy of every just right of the toiling millions. I objected to Mr. Cleveland because I felt proud of the country of my adoption, and because I felt that, in the words of the Boston Pilot—a straight-out-and-out Democratic organ—"he has not a single quality large enough to fit him for the presidency of the United States."

When, however, at Boston I accepted the presidency of the Irish National League I considered that whatever was

guard would be annihilated. As the seventh colorbearer fell, and the old flag lay on the ground, and its defenders falling by the dozen, our colonel (the youngest in the Cumberland army) rode up and said, "Give me the colors." He certainly will be killed. Ferd. Wiedel, his orderly, is shot through and through. This is the "gilt-edge hell" we read about. Our ammunition is about exhausted; we retreat to a small field and receive a fresh supply, and at it we go again. Darkness closed the battle of the nineteenth. Brave hearts are sad, bronzed cheeks are pale, men are looking for comrades. What is Wiedel's grade asks me? Does he see you, Ro? Yes, dead? Then, I ask, have you seen my buddy Tom Gensard? No, yes, he was a second and a prisoner. Poor boy, only a scavenger, the handsomest boy in regiment, with eyes like a Leavenworth girl. He died in Andersonville. Is the Colonel hurt is asked by a dozen voices at once? No, thank God, (men as reverent on such occasions.) Our brigade commander Col. Hegg, of the 1st Wisconsin, is killed, and Col. Martin will command the brigade and Col. Abernathy the regiment. With sad hearts we lay us down on the cold ground, to await the struggle of the morrow; the morrow came, and a terrible day it was. I have only a dim recollection of charging columns of men, and the crash of musketry, and

Music